

A Simple Beginning

by the15thpaladin

Category: Fire Emblem

Genre: Family, Friendship

Language: English

Characters: Felicia, Flora, Jakob, Xander

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-14 04:31:28

Updated: 2016-04-25 16:59:29

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:19:55

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 3,609

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A re-telling of FE:if/Fates with more of a focus on Corrin, his siblings, and his retainers. A work in progress - feel free to tear it to shreds (constructively is preferable).

1. Waking Dreams

His head was numb, vision still hazy, arm heavy with a bloodied, golden sword in hand. His body was stiff and unable to move. Patches of his pale skin were exposed from cuts and holes in his armor as the wind assaulted the open nerves. A wide grassy plain dotted by juniper trees blurred into existence. A nearby river cut through the landscape, dyed red with blood. Its smell danced around with the distant scent of cherry blossoms in blissful cacophony. Familiar, powerful, male voices called out to him: "Corrin!" "Corrin! Come back to us!" Clashes of steel-against-steel filled the air along with their chants. His eyes twitched to their figures, but he couldn't focus on them. The two men soon backed off and stretched out their hands to Corrin. More people, both male and female, joined in the shouting: "Corrin!" "Corrin!" The calls grew louder and louder, but all he could do was watch.

"Wake up!" A distance, far more gentle voice called. Corrin's head suddenly cleared and his eyes darted around looking for the source. That voice didn't match anyone there. Slowly the scene dissipated into inky black; his body floated in space.

"It's time to get up!" The voice again called out.

Realizing the situation, Corrin finally regained control of his body. The darkness released him to the throes of gravity. He sat up and struggled to open his eyes.

"Errâ€¦Morningâ€¦Floraâ€¦" He tried to talk while holding in a deep yawn. Corrin finally managed to open his eyes to the sight of a maid with pale cyan-colored hair tied neatly into two small ponytails on

the back of her head which cleanly framed her fair face. Next to her was a handsome butler wearing rather thick black gloves " you could mistake them for gauntlets. His light-grey hair was also cleanly knotted into a single long ponytail. Corrin stood up and stretched to loosen the sleep from his joints.

"Good morning, Lord Corrin." Responded the maid. She swiftly bowed then moved to open the curtains, revealing the overcast, yet bright sky. The spacious, but minimalist room immediately brightened, as simple red tapestries accented the grey clouds and the dark stones of the ramparts of the Northern Fortress below.

"Today looks to be better than last." She moved to make the slightly disheveled bed.

"More to the point, it is time for training, milord." Spoke the butler. "Your elder brother is waiting for you in the courtyard below. You best hurry or risk being late. Your armor is already prepared."

"Ahh, thank you, Jakob. Brother Xander's already here?"

"He arrived here about a half an hour ago."

"Why didn't you wake me sooner?" Corrin, wide-eyed, rushed to clean his face using a nearby washbowl. He quickly changed from his sleeping garb into light, black clothing and donned the nearby chainmail and paldrons.

"Lord Xander thought you might be tired from all the strategy you've been studying as of late. He had a few matters to attend to with Lord Leo and Ladies Camilla and Elise, and thus allowed you to rest a while longer."

"Yes, that may be true, but you could have done so sooner than now. A prince of Nohr is always punctual and prepared. You dote on him beyond reason at times." lectured Flora.

"That is true. However, I'm following Lord Xander's orders, who did not specify when to wake Lord Corrin. I always inform you and Felicia when it is time to rouse Lord Corrin, and I did the same thing this time. However I am a stand-in for Felicia, who I ordered to prepare "TEA" for him. You were present when I did so." Jakob succinctly responded.

"Yes, that is true. However, it is important to maintain a consistent schedule to improve mental for-"

"Come on you two. Flora, it's good to be consistent, but a bit of relaxation is fine once in a while right? And Jakob, Flora's right. If I had woken a little earlier, I wouldn't be rushing as much now." Corrin was now making sure any lingering bed head would be eliminated from the spiked black hair, his red irises scanning quickly across a nearby mirror.

"Yes, milord." Both of them responded in unison. Not a trace of bitterness was detected.

"Now then, I'll be going off to meet with Brother Xander."

"Yes, milord. I shall accompany you." Flora said.

The two departed as Jakob bowed them out. They began a trek down the massive tower.

As soon as the door closed, Jakob moved to clear the washbowl, and noticed that Corrin had, once again, forgone wearing shoes. "My, myâ€¦I don't think we've ever be able to get you to wear shoes regularly, Lord Corrinâ€¦"

In the stairwell, a moment of silence passed as they moved quickly downward.

"How are you this morning, Lord Corrin?" Flora initiated.

Corrin sighed. "Flora, you, Felicia, and I grew up together here, address me less formally. I'd feel more comfortable."

"I appreciate the sentiment, but it is not my place." A smile crept across her face.

Corrin sighed again. "Well, if it makes you more comfortable. But back to the topic. To answer your question, I feel oddâ€¦I was having a strange dream; I wish I had more time so I could finish itâ€¦"

"What was it about, Lord Corrin?" Her curiosity piqued.

"Wellâ€¦I was on some sort of battlefield. I had clearly been fighting, and had a strange blade in hand. Two men were calling out to me to join them while locked in combat. More and more people started to call out to me, telling me the same thing: 'Come back to us.' It was rather unsettling. It seemed like I knew all of them. You woke me before it went any further."

"A strange blade?"

"Yes. It was a golden sword. I couldn't make out the details though."

"It reminds me of something I heard when I was younger. Back in the Ice Tribe, before I moved here, I heard tales of a hero who wielded a golden sword to bring peace to the world."

"I believe you told me that story a long time ago."

"I did? You remember that?" Her eyes widened.

"It was when we were much younger, but it stuck with me for some reason. It might be why it showed up in my dream. Butâ€¦I haven't thought of it recentlyâ€¦"

"Maybe it had something to do with the people in your dream? Did you recognize anyone in particular?"

"No. But one side wore the dark colors of Nohr, while the other, of Hoshido. However, one of them had the legendary blade, Siegfried, and the other, a strange katana coursing with lightning."

"Is it possible that Lord Xander was the one holding Siegfried? He IS

the current wielder of it."

Something clicked. After a moment in thought, Corrin responded.

"Iâ€¦I couldn't make out the figure very wellâ€¦ but now that I think about it, it could have been. He was wearing plate armor, like that of Brother Xander's..."

"Do you know why they were calling out to you, Corrin?" Flora was totally engrossed by now.

"Not really, but I feel that I was the focus of this conflictâ€¦If I didn't do something, the situation would get worse; I was feeling really pressuredâ€¦ I'm starting to think that it's good that I didn't have a chance to find out." The statement pulled Flora back.

"â€¦Well. It's nothing, right? Dreams are dreams."

"Yeah, butâ€¦"

"Don't pay too much attention to it then; it will disturb you. You need to be at your best as long as you can."

"â€¦Right. You're right. I'm letting this bother me too much."

Flora chuckled lightly. "To think though, the humble Nohrian prince, Corrin, dreams of being the center of attention, wielding a sword of legend." Flora elbowed the young man. "You never lie, but you've been a fantastic story-teller since we were young." Her usually calm face was grinning.

"Hey now!" He returned the gesture with his own prodding. A happy smile colored his face too. "I did dream that!"

The two jostled as they walked on, and quickly arrived at the entrance of the main compound. Towering oaken doors stood before them.

"Ahh." Flora snapped to attention. "We can continue our conversation later, Corrin. We have arrived."

"Yeah. I'll talk to you soon." As he was about to push the doors open, Corrin paused and turned to Flora. "It's been a while since I've seen you horse around like that." The goofy smile continued to plaster his face.

"Oh!" Flora's face reddened and brow furrowed at the revelation. "How unbecoming!"

"Haha. I told you it's okay. I'd forgotten how much you liked to listen to my dreams. Well, I'll talk to you soon." Corrin waved and pushed open the doors.

Flora's composure return quickly. Corrin's wave was met with an elegant curtsy and a relaxed smile. It was as if she was never embarrassed.

2. The Next Step

Corrin stepped out into the courtyard. The surrounding masonry glowed a dark gothic aura as it towered above him. A stark contrast to what he could see from his room in the tower far above. The gardens of roses were vibrantly red and green with a quiet sweetness. Two ornate fountains were placed on opposite ends near the exit Corrin came from; they were the only source of sound in the silent morning. Overshadowing all of this in the center of the courtyard, a stern, well-built man in regal black plate stood erect. A short purple cape trailed behind him. A dark metal circlet accented an elegant hairstyle and topped his strong and toned face, his dark eyes piercing through the world around him. He was the crown prince of Nohr, Xander.

"Ahh, Corrin." The stern look on his face relaxed as he turned to face the entering Corrin.

"Brother Xander! It's good to see you. How long will you be here in the fortress?"

"It is good to see you too, though will not be staying long this time. I'll be departing back to Windmire after your training."

"I seeâ€|" Corrin's tone dropped. "Is there any news regarding Father?"

"We can discuss those matters later, I only have so much time to train you. Ready your weapon." He pointed to a nearby rack of weapons from which Corrin picked up a broadsword and gave it a few swings.

"Now come at me!" Bellowed the blonde prince, unsheathing a similar weapon.

The session went on for about an hour. The brothers traded blows back and forth. They quickly fell into the rhythm of fighting: Xander had broken into a light sweat while Corrin was doing so profusely. Xander juggled his blade between hands, parrying as Corrin tried to throw attack after attack.

"Not bad, Corrin. You've improved." The fighting lulled a moment.

"Butâ€|" Corrin panted. "You're still betterâ€|" Haaâ€|"

"No, you have the skill, but you are missing something. Your blows lack the resolve to kill when necessary! Now, come at me as if I were an enemy or you'll never leave this castle!"

Corrin rallied himself. He had been confined in the Northern Fortress for all of his life, and Xander never joked. Corrin resumed swinging, but he realized that it was futile to keep on like this. He needed to do something decisive. He tried to think of something, and that clearly distracted him.

"You've left an opening, Corrin!" Xander thrust his sword at him. "Pay attention!"

Corrin was slow to parry, but found his golden opportunity. He

dropped the parry to take the attack, the weapon puncturing deep into his arm, and moved to grab his own sword by the blade simultaneously. Corrin swung broadly at Xander's head with the pommel as a bludgeon, a murder stroke. Xander dodged the potentially lethal blow, stepping back and letting go of his blade which was still embedded through Corrin's arm. Corrin shoved the off-balance prince with his shoulder as he re-gripped his sword's handle, knocking Xander flat on his back. Corrin, with the last of his energy, pointed the sword in his hand at the throat of his brother. Both of them smiled at each other.

"Hahaha! Impressive, Corrin! I hadn't anticipated that move! I believe that was the first time you've successfully beaten me."

"Haaâ€|Haaâ€|Haaâ€|I've beenâ€| taught wellâ€| Haaâ€|" Corrin lowered his sword and rested it on the ground. He begun to pull the broadsword out of his arm. Pain seared up and down his arm.

"Well, that may be the case, but you were still reckless." Corrin finished pulling out the blade and dropped it onto the ground with a clatter. "Let us tend to your wound before it worsens." Xander stood up and stretched his arm out. A bolt of energy coiled into the ground. One of the nearby fountain exploded with light.

"Come, Corrin. Put your arm in. We can worry about the cleaning later."

"Brotherâ€|is thisâ€|was thereâ€|a dragon vein below us?" Corrin gently lowered his arm into the pool of light. The pain evaporated as did any blood that would have contaminated the water, and Corrin was able to catch his breath.

"Yes. You will soon be able to detect these veins clearly â€" it's a matter of getting the feel of it. Now about that wound, I'll have a healer come by to-

"Big Brother!" A younger voice called out from behind them. It belonged to a young lady. Her long blonde hair tied into unusually shaped pig tails with black and gold ribbons. She was dressed almost as dark as Xander, but the pink frills of her dress contrasted the dark tone.

"Big Brother! I saw the match. You were super cool!" Her blue eyes sparkled.

"Elise! Wellâ€|I was desperate." A sheepish grin appeared. "I didn't want to get stuck here for the rest of my life; I don't think I could do that again thoughâ€|"

"Hahaha. I see. That's what spurred such a drastic action." Said the dark prince. "Well, do not fear. That would only be the case if you had shown no signs of improvement."

"What do you mean by that, Brother Xander?"

"I was trying to say that earlier actually. I was sent here to fetch you and bring you to Father. However, he specifically said that if you didn't show promise, you were to stay here permanently." Corrin was flabbergasted. "Though I've said it so many times already, it is

warranted: you've improved so much since I last saw you months ago. Gunter deserves praise." He smiled proudly.

"Yeah! Now that you've proved that you can beat Big Brother Xander, we can take you back to Castle Krakenburg! You get to be with us now!" Elise chimed in happily.

"That's fantastic! I can go to the outside the fortress now!?"

"That is correct. But you are first to present yourself to Father. See a healer to make sure the wound has healed correctly, then pack your things. We leave within the hour."

"I'll do that right away!" Corrin ran ecstatically; any sense of exhaustion was washed away. His bare feet carried him faster than he thought possible.

Corrin made his way to the stables, a leather satchel hung across his body. A blue-haired servant stood by, preparing saddles.

"Lilith!"

"Lord Corrin, hello! How exciting! You get to leave the fortress for the first time!" She tried to contain her excitement by grabbing her blue dress, doing her best to not wrinkle her white apron. She was resisting the urge to jump up and down.

"I know! I want to do so much!"

"Haha. Calm down, Corrin. Calm down." Xander chided as he entered. "I know you're excited, but one step at a time. We need to go to Windmire first."

"But brother Xander, Corrin gets to leave for the first time in 16 years! It's normal for him to be excited! I know I am!" Elise replied.

"Excited? That doesn't even scratch the surface of the sensation! But has it really been 16 years since I arrived here? I can't remember what happened before then..."

"You expect to remember something when you were so young, milord?" Lilith inquired.

"Well, yes. Everything before I was 7 is a blank to me. I would expect I would remember SOMETHING."

A nearby door opened and out walked Flora and Jakob.

"Milord." The butler spoke.

"Jakob, Flora! You're here to see us off?"

"Yes. We have another motive though. This is a momentous time for you, and as such, Gunter, Flora, Felicia, and I have prepared a gift for you. I believe you will find it very satisfactory. Felicia!"

From the open doorway walked out Flora's twin sister, Felicia. Rather

than pale cyan hair, Felicia's was a soft peach color that was tied up in a manner similar to Jakob. She was holding a rather large box.

"Lord Corrin!" She called out. "This is for you!" She stepped forward only to trip over seemingly nothing. She fell to the ground with a painful thud. Corrin and Flora quickly moved to help her up.

"Are you alright? Do you need to go to the infirmary?"

"Yesâ€¦I thinkâ€¦nothing's broken at least. I don't need to go."

"Are you sure?"

"Yesâ€¦ I'm fine."

"Felicia, be more careful! You can't keep tripping over everything, especially in front of Lord Corrin!" Jakob scolded.

"Sorryâ€¦Ahh! Right. Corrin, here you go!" She beamed as she presented the container.

Corrin removed the lid, revealing a slim cuirass that had small protruding shells. On the left there was a single double-layered pauldron. On top of the armor was an equally silver set of vambraces that seamlessly melded with pauldrons designed using overlapping plate. Under both was a pair of similarly thin cuisses attached to greaves made of the same material and a new set of black, simple, elegant clothes â€" shirt, pants, and gloves.*

"Thisâ€¦this isâ€¦!"

"Yes. An armor of your making." Flora confirmed.

"Butâ€¦where did you get this design? I drew this years ago on a whimâ€¦and only after I read a book or two on armor construction."

"You handed your notes to Lord Leo at one point; you wanted him to look over a problem you were having with mathematics. He noticed your sketches, and he presented us with them. He went on and on about how surprisingly clever the design was and how it made use of the positives of both Hoshidan and Nohrian style armor. Lord Leo thought it might be a good idea for a gift one day."

"A few of the details you drew were really precise. Even the most complex parts were easily replaceable!" Felicia chimed in.

"We had it made in the event that something like this should happen in your life. Though Gunter made practical modifications." Jakob stated. "It was intended to be given to you as you are now; though we weren't sure how you would develop. Hopefully it fits. The clothes though, are tailored appropriately."

"I'll go try this on right away!" Corrin turned to Xander for approval, who nodded with a smile.

A few minutes passed and Corrin stepped out into the stables. Everything fit perfectly. While battle-ready, the collar of his shirt

coming through the opening for the head accented the armor, giving Corrin's appearance a more elegant flair. And of course, it considered Corrin's affinity for not wearing shoes

"My, my." A grizzled voice called out. "That looks extraordinarily well on you, milord." It was Gunter. A battle-worn man with a defined scar slashed across his face. His greyed, old appearance belied his vast wisdom knowledge of combat. It was only apparent when he wore armor. He had arrived in the short interval Corrin was gone.

"Itâ€¦fits so naturally. I feel just as nimble as if I were wearing just leather gear. Butâ€¦you could have gotten me any suit of armor. Why go to all the trouble?"

"You've been nothing but good to us, milord. We thought it would be best to present you with something that conveys our emotions best: something extraordinary."

"Yeah, Jakob's right! And anything you spend time on is a worthwhile thing for us too, Corrin."

"Ahh. But there's one thing we forgot." Flora quickly produced a medium-sized navy blue cape and fastened it to Corrin, pinning it across his chest with a spade-like brooch.

"Now that's more impressive." Xander commented.

"Dashing!" Lilith added.

"Super cool, brother!" Elise's eyes glowed with admiration.

"But it's time we head out, Corrin. Gunter, Felicia, you will be accompanying us to Windmire. Your jobs as retainers have only just begun. Flora, Jakob, stay here for a while longer. You will receive notice as to when you will be rejoining Corrin."

"Understood, Lord Xander." The butler replied.

"Come, Corrin, Elise. We make haste for Windmire."

"Well, I guess I'll see you again, Flora, Jakob. Not inside these walls, hopefully!" They quietly bowed.

"Take care, milord." Lilith bowed as well.

—
>*This is reaaaaly technical.<p>

End
file.